

# The Omen



# The Omen

Volume 5, Number 7  
Marchy-arch 17, 1995

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## Policy Box!

The Omen accepts from any member of the Hampshire community. We will not edit anything you write, as long as you are willing to be responsible for what you say. Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours is just not able to be printed in this forum.

Submissions, which includes just about anything involving the Hampshire community in some way (news, opinions, artwork, etc.), are due on Saturday nights at 8:00 to the editor of the section in which you wish to appear, or to Ben Sanders (E-307, box 710), Jonathan Land (E-311, box 527), or Dave Wilcox (Mod 56, take a walk to Enfield, you bastards, box 865). We prefer submissions on disk (IBM or HIGH DENSITY Macintosh), although hard copy (on paper, dumbass) is okay as well. Label your stuff well and it will make it back to you with no problem.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 250 times. What better way to be heard?

"Another day, another 49 cents."

-Flavor Flav

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## President Land

I assume that everyone received the memo that stated that our very own President Prince is undergoing an evaluation, unless they threw it out along with all the other force-fed mail (Career Options Newsletter, some overzealous Div III student, the Phoenix, etc.)

Well, I was a little late to get in on that particular memo, but in the forum of this here student newspaper, I would like to announce my running for President of Hampshire College. Here's what I would change:

First of all, I think calling the president of a college by his first name is a little too informal, and rude. To re-establish the "proper" hierarchical collegiate sense, you would address me by my first name, preceded by the word "hail". The only reason why I don't want you to address me by my last name is because I'm trying to make it a smooth transition. Don't worry, shortly after you learn "hail Land", the uniforms will be widely available.

Now to the nitty-gritty. O.P.R.A. courses will be replaced by H.A.M.A.N.D.S. (Hampshire Armed Militia And Ninja Death Squad) courses. By the way, at least one H.A.M.A.N.D.S. course will be required in order for you to graduate. For instance, I've made arrangements for Mt.

Holyjoke [sic] to participate in two of our classes: H.A.M.A.N.D.S. 148: Crime in the City: Detaining Defenseless Women, and H.A.M.A.N.D.S. 263: The O.J. Dilemma: Knife or Bare Hands? Incidentally, the R.C.C. (especially the windows) will be painted red, and the ground will be coated in plastic.

Academics: I don't think I'd change too much of the Div structure, except for two things, 1. The Third World expectation would be changed to the "Do Something Constructive for Hampshire (Besides a Yurt) Expectation, because at times Hampshire practically is a third-world country. Students would be required to clean the bathrooms and such more than the once-every-two-weeks that Physical Plant seems to do, actually removing the ice in winter from the pathways, etc. It's less time consuming than a Third World expectation, and more practical than taking a course trying to figure out why people die in famines.

Socially: Everyone will be caged like veal, and wheeled to their classes by their professors. Just kidding, you'll have to wheel yourselves.

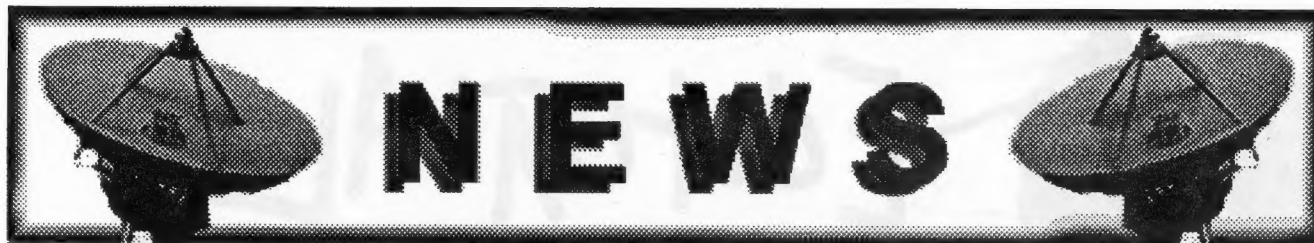
Instead of Monday morning "Breakfast with the President", there will be Wednesday

evening "Food Fight with the President". Warning: If you get anything on me you will appear before a Judicial Review Board the next morning. Incidentally, the current Judicial Review Board will be replaced by a firing squad. You do the crime, you do the time.

Students will be forced into graduating in four years (not including leave). If you don't graduate in four years, your tuition will be doubled and the word "DUNCE" will be tattooed on your forehead. If you are here for a sixth year, tuition will be doubled again, and the words "UTTER MORON" will be tattooed on your ass (conveniently designed so one word will appear on each "cheek"), and you will be forced to walk backwards with your pants down in public (yes, even in winter).

So there you have it. Mind you these are only a few of my ideas, and they're not totally set in my mind, so for the proper donation to the "Land is Grand Presidency Fund", you can buy me like a whore. Oh, and don't forget, a vote for me is like a vote for your Mom, we both know what's best for you.

**Jonathan Land**  
Managing Editor  
The Omen



## The Politics of the Black Cinema

Haile Gerima, one of the leading figures in African and African-American film making, brings his critically-acclaimed film "Sankofa" to the five colleges on March 30th for a special area screening.

In spite of being rejected by the commercial film establishment, "Sankofa," a powerful, documentary-style film that explores the roots of the African Diaspora in slavery, has been quietly circling the country, gathering its own following. It's a film, says Gerima, that took him 20 years to make because, "Unfortunately...when you say you want to make a film about slavery, everybody runs for cover." A recent retrospective of Gerima's work at the Smithsonian National Museum of African Art singles him out as "one of the original contemporary black independent film makers." Gerima will discuss "The politics of Black Cinema" at 4:00 p.m. in Hooker Auditorium at Mount Holyoke College; the screening of "Sankofa" takes place at Smith College at 7:30 p.m.

Born in Gondor, Ethiopia, Gerima emigrated to the United States in 1967 at the age of 21. He titled the film "Sankofa," he explains, after the mythical Di-

vine Drummer whose name in the Akan dialect of Ghana means to return to your past to regain something lost and move forward. According to Gerima, the film's themes and metaphors were inspired by his visits to the seaside castles and dungeons of Goree Island off the coast of Senegal, West Africa, where thousands of Africans were kept chained in holding pits before being shipped as slaves to the United States.

"Sankofa" opens on location at these caves, which are being used as the backdrop for a fashion shot featuring a young African-American model named Mona. During the shoot, an old man named Sankofa emerges from one of the caves. Here the film takes a poetic turn, as Sankofa takes on the role of elder/spirit guardian whose chants and drumming transfix Mona and transport her back in time into another life as Shola, a house-slave on a sugar cane plantation. The brutal scenes that follow—shot on location in Ghana and Jamaica—reveal Shola moving through life as a slave, confronted both her African roots and the inhumanity of bondage. When she finally emerges from the past to resume her former identity as a modern, African-American woman, she

has been psychically transformed by the experience.

For most of his adult life, Gerima says, he has been consumed by the study of what he describes as the "landscape of slavery: When I first came to America, I was brainwashed...I came worshipping America, knowing nothing of the enslavement of Africans in the so-called New World." He is, he says, "a product of the Peace Corps: I was taught by white people." But he believes that "Africans and African-Americans of the Diaspora have never really dealt with the issue of slavery" since it's so often told from a "romanticized" Hollywood perspective. A graduate of the UCLA film school, Gerima has been making films and teaching filmmaking for over 18 years as a professor of directing and scriptwriting in the School of Communications at Howard University.

He scorns the action—violence films promoted by the film industry and retains the integrity of his vision by staying out of the commercial loop in this country. Yet his films have earned a wide following and garnered prestigious awards abroad. "Sankofa" opened to critical acclaim at the 43rd International Film Festival

*Continued on next page*

# Ethnomusicologist

Ethnomusicologist Christopher Waterman of the University of Washington in Seattle will be in residence at the Five Colleges during the week of April 3rd. Waterman, who is widely known for his pioneering work in bridging the disciplines of anthropology and musicology, writes and lectures frequently on African popular music. His research focuses in particular on crossover influences between jazz and popular music in the

Yoruba culture of Nigeria. His visit concludes with a lively concert on Friday evening, April 7th, featuring two internationally acclaimed musicians, Chief I.K. Dairo and Mohammed Shaibu.

The annual music residency sponsored by the Five College music departments alternates between a composer and a musicologist. As Five College Visiting Musicologist, Mr. Waterman will visit on each of the campuses and offer two pub-

lic lectures:

"Representations of the Exotic in American Popular Music"

Wednesday, April 5th

4:30 p.m.

Sage Hall, Smith College

An Introduction to African Popular Music"

Friday, April 7th

11:00 a.m.

Recital Hall

Music and Dance Building

*Continued on next page*

## The Politics of Black Cinema

*Continued from <sup>prev</sup> page*

in Berlin in 1993 and earned top awards in both Milan and Burkina Faso. When "Sankofa" first premiered in Washington D.C., however, it was scheduled for only a two-week run: word of mouth and solidly rave reviews in the press turned out "four-wall" audiences every night, and the run was extended for two months.

One reviewer for the Chicago Tribune described the film's treatment of slavery as "detailed and unblinking...an even more compelling story than 'Roots' or 'Sugarcane Alley.'" Of Gerima's art as a filmmaker, he observed that the filmmaker "has rendered simple-seeming cinema with the profundity of Toni Morrison and James Baldwin. Rich with visual metaphors from the Bible and other sources, 'Sankofa' is as intricate and overlaid as Julie Dash's 'Daughters of the Dust' (1991) and Charles Burnett's 'To

Sleep With Anger' (1990)." Washington Post film critic Hal Hison hailed the film as an audacious, intoxicating movie" and speaks of the ease with which Gerima's film "shifts from the realistic to the fantastic in a mastery blend of poetry, music and expressionistic staging."

Gerima's casting also earns high praise. Playing the role of Sankofa, the old drummer who guides Mona back to another life, is a 70-year old Ghanaian master drummer named Kofi Ghanaba, who was known in this country for many years as Guy Warren when he played with Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker. In the film, Ghanaba as the embodiment of Sankofa appears covered with the white chalky dust of ancient ritual, drumming to the spirits of the Diaspora. It was a remarkable performance in many respects, says Gerima: "He was totally entranced...The camera

had to catch what it could...I whispered things to him about the filming but I wasn't penetrating. All we did was just capture him in that moment."

Haile Gerima's visit is sponsored by the Five College African Studies Council and the Five College Black Studies Executive Committee, with support from: Five College Lecture Fund; Smith College Afro-American Studies Department and CCP; Mount Holyoke African and African American Studies Committee and departments of geography, history, and film; Hampshire College, Atopani/Ben Oke; Amherst College Black Studies; University History Department; Five College Film Council.

Mr. Gerima's talk and the screening of his film are open to the public without charge.



## Kids to College

### Hampshire College Goes Back to School

Hampshire College Participates in Statewide Educational Outreach Program for Underserved Sixth Grade Students

Through participation in a statewide program called Kids to College, Hampshire College is helping 34 sixth-grade students from the Chestnut School in Springfield to set their sight on college and sketch out a plan for getting there.

Kids to College (K<sup>2</sup>C) pairs local colleges and universities with sixth grade classrooms to implement an interactive curriculum which provides practical college and career guidance. During the six week program, Hamp-

shire College staff members and current students visit the sixth graders to counsel them about college and career options. The sixth graders will hear guest speakers talk about careers, engage in team-building exercises, participate in a career day in which they will be able to explore a variety of different future job possibilities, and visit the Hampshire campus with their parents/guardians for a full day of hands-on activities. In past years K<sup>2</sup>C kids at Hampshire have performed scientific experiments and art projects, among other college activities. Parents/guardians receive information on financial aid, continuing education, and how to prepare their children for college.

K<sup>2</sup>C began introducing the concept of higher education to underserved students 1992. In its first year, the program served 600 students from the Boston area. Today, K<sup>2</sup>C is giving 1750 students from Lowell, Worcester, and Springfield, MA a head start on a college education and a better future.

K<sup>2</sup>C is a collaboration between the Association of Independent Colleges and Universities in Massachusetts (AICUM), the Higher Education Information Center, the Higher Education Coordinating Council and the Massachusetts Department of Education, with funding from the Student Loan Marketing Association (Sallie Mae).

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## Ethnomusicology

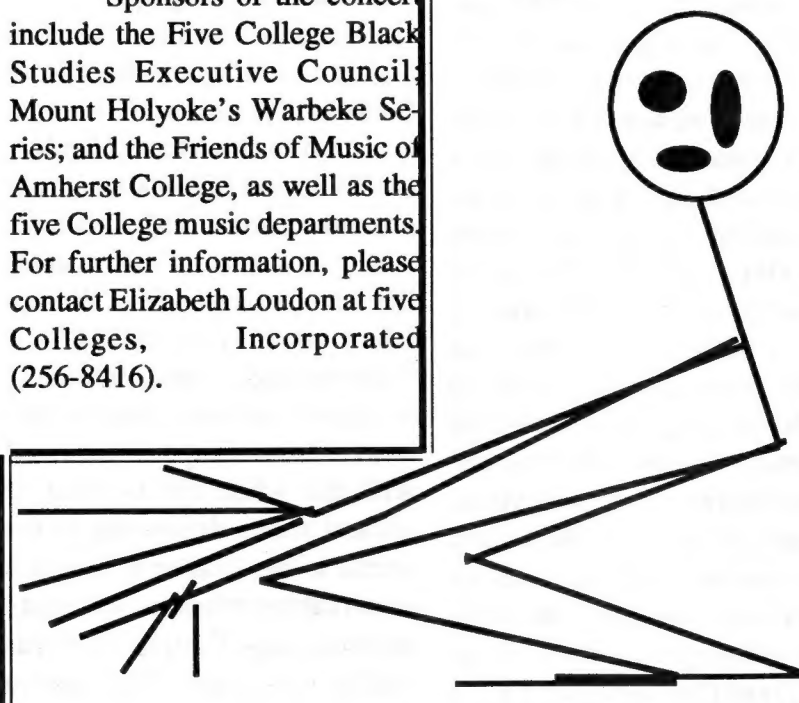
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### Hampshire College

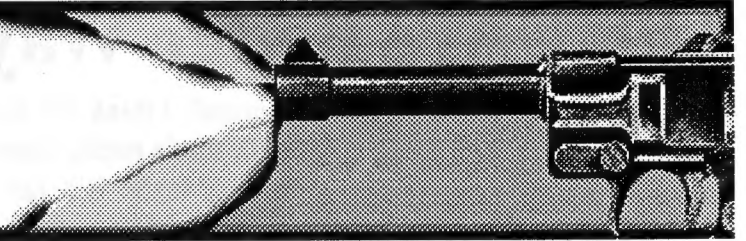
A highlight of the Waterman residency will be the Friday evening concert of juju music. Waterman is a leading scholar of this lively music, which is derived from traditional Yoruba drumming rhythms. For this performance, Dario and Shaibu, who play guitar and accordion, will be accompanied by Waterman himself, as well as local musicians Tony Vacca, Steve Leicach, and Joe Sallins, playing assorted percussion instruments. The concert is free and open to the public and will take place in Mount Holyoke's Chapin Hall at 8:00

Sponsors of the concert include the Five College Black Studies Executive Council; Mount Holyoke's Warbeke Series; and the Friends of Music of Amherst College, as well as the five College music departments. For further information, please contact Elizabeth Loudon at Five Colleges, Incorporated (256-8416).

Dancin' Fool:  
Jonathan Land,  
1995



# SECTION HATE



## Cleanliness isn't next to Godliness

*Forgive us our trespasses, Lord, as we forgive those that fuck with us.*

Oh, how I hate Christianity and all other eldritch religions. The very idea that one group of fruitcakes has moral superiority over any other group of fruitcakes just boggles the mind. To think that I'm going to suffer eternity in the boiling realms of Hell just because I choose to ignore a book four times removed from what anybody might have said almost two thousand years ago is just an out-dated absurdity (for those of you with any question of what I'm talking about, Yeshua - assuming he even existed - spoke Aramaic or some other Semitic language. His 'words' were then translated into Greek, which was then translated into Latin. Martin Luther tried to translate his Old Testament from the Hebrew, but gleaned certain passages from the Greek translation. The King James version was then adapted from Luther's German Bible. For those of you keeping track, the standard English Old Testament comes from Hebrew to Greek and maybe Latin to German to English; the New Testament comes from Aramaic (unwritten) to Greek to Latin or German to English. With such a pedigree, the only people

that really know what is going on have been dead for almost 2000 years).

Unless you can read ancient Hebrew, you can't really know what's going on in the Old Testament. Unless you can read very old Greek, you can't really know what's going on in the New Testament - and you have to keep in mind that it was all written down in Greek between 50 and 150 years after Yeshua's death. So it stands to reason that most Bible-thumping Christians really just don't know what Our Savior in Perpetual Agony really said.

Please don't misunderstand me.... There are an increasing number of accurate translations of religious texts out there, but they are read by seminarians and not by lounge-cleaning Christian doofuses. There are also an increasing number of new-age, touchy-feely shit translations around (Hello, Good News Bible!) containing kind but misleading translations of everything from the Ten Commandments (Thou shalt clean thy neighbor's lounge) to impatience of Job (no really, he was).

Of course, I seem to be attacking only Christians, which is rather unfair of me. I don't agree with any organized religion. I do appreciate the Chris-

tian Fellowship chaps who cleaned the lounge on E-3; not because they demonstrated to me God's love, but because my lounge is no longer quite so filthy. But to tell me that they did it because God loves me is rather silly. If He really cared whether or not my lounge was clean, He would have imbued the members of E-3 with the Mr. Clean spirit.

I cannot disagree with any belief that makes another person feel better about themselves or treat others with more humanity, but don't shove it down my throat. Don't tell me that God loves me, or that I'm going to Hell for a life of trespasses, or that my life will be more fulfilling if I embrace some ridiculous clap-trap responsible for centuries of fear and destruction. No one person has the right to tell me my own morality (the Pimp.... I mean the Pope), or to consign me to damnation everlasting because I screw and drink and gamble (ever other Bible-thumper).

Treat me with kindness and I shall do the same to you, but I won't change my behavior if it doesn't interfere with yours. And I won't clean your lounge either.

**Aaron Mulvany**  
**Section Hate Editor**  
**The Hampshire Omen**

# There Are Better Ways to Waste Time

*Author's Note: The views and opinions expressed in the*

## Notes From Limboland

*following article are not necessarily those of The Omen, Hampshire College, or, for that matter, the author himself - he might just be making all of this up. Who's to tell? As always, the white zone is for loading and unloading only; parking is prohibited in the white zone. Now get on with it already. I'm sick of writing in italics.*

There is a movement - I shudder to call it that, but I really can't think of anything else better for it - of late here on this campus to "Free Tibet" or to "Free Bangladesh" or to "Free (insert name of impoverished Third World nation in Asia here)." The freedom of various sundry south-east Asian countries has suddenly become very important to many of the students here at Camp Hamp. I guess the question in my mind is: Why?

Now, I don't want to appear insensitive to the plight of these countries that these students at a small college in the Northeastern United States are so worked up about; I don't think I am. The human rights violations that China has been accused of in its occupation of Tibet is, if not well-documented, fairly well-known (and I guess we can all thank Richard Gere for that). I hadn't known about the shit going on in Bangladesh (or is it

Burma? I think it's Burma) but, hell, that's pretty damn horrible too. Maybe it's just that I'm jaded and desensitized - this kind of stuff has been going on in Southeast Asia for years (witness the Khmer Rouge). It's not that I don't care - I guess I'd be inhuman or something if I didn't - it just doesn't garner all that much of my attention anymore. Blame it on my short attention span, blame it on the media's short attention span, blame it on whatever - Southeast Asia is half a world away, and the human rights violations of sundry despotic regimes just don't grab my brain anymore. Oh, where has my idealism gone? Straight down the motherfucking toilet.

You see, it has begun to confuse me why people feel the need to protest something that they have absolutely no control over and who are so far removed from the area/site of contention that the people who are in control have no hope of seeing said protest. It doesn't make any sense to me (and, truth be told, neither did that last sentence, but, grammar be damned, I'm going to plow ahead) why idealistic students - in the media's eye, a dying breed - concentrate their idealism on causes they have no hope of helping. Why go on a hunger strike in the Northeastern United States when your cause is 10,000 miles away in a much warmer section of the globe? Are the Red Chinese even going to notice your stomach rumbling? Nope. Especially not the Red Chinese.

They're hopeless. You can't get them to change their minds on anything - threaten them with trade sanctions, threaten them with a total trade embargo, hell, threaten them with total nuclear annihilation, and the Chinese just snicker and ignore your capitalist ass.

Of course, there was that whole billion-dollar software piracy agreement between the U.S. and China a few days ago (wherein the Chinese agreed to enforce U.S. copyright law on such things as computer software, book, music CDs and tapes, etc., in exchange for a big trade deal), but I don't think it's really going to hold up. The Chinese (and the whole of Southeast Asia, in general) have different notions about copyright protection and the like. Who are we to impose our value judgments upon them? But I digress . . .

Tibet is roughly the size of the land acquired by the United States in the Louisiana Purchase (give or take a few hundred square miles or so). Now, sure, the Chinese are being nasty and imperialistic by occupying Tibet and, yeah, the Chinese are especially bad in the human rights violations department, but the U.S. did the same goddamn thing, really, one hundred fifty years ago. I don't see anyone making a big ol' stink about it nowadays. (Well, of course not. That land is populated by *us* now, and, hell, we don't want to give up cities like

*Continued on page 11*



# Reasons Why I Can't Deal

Sometimes I just can't deal.

I can't deal because I'm part of a culture and a generation the required reading for which includes Pulp Fiction, Star Wars.

## Thoughts After Midnight

Beverly Hills 90210, Melrose Place, The Simpsons, the latest X-Men comic book, the latest unauthorized biography of Madonna, especially the sections on her favorite sexual positions and cosmetic surgery boutiques, Stephen King's hottest blockbuster, McDonald's ads, alt.generation.x, Douglas Copland's hipster pseudo-philosophy, Jack Kerouac's hipster pseudo-poetry, James Dean, Luke Perry, Cher, O.J. Simpson at least twice a day, The Dukes of Hazard and Beavis and Butthead, but doesn't include Moby Dick, Canterbury Tales, Being and Nothingness, Rilke's sonnets, Narada's odes, Homer's epics, Pound's cantos, Picasso's masterpieces, or anything that happened before 1900, unless, of course, a TV movie has been made of it.

I can't deal because death happens, and soon, no matter how much televised fluorescent day-glo cynical smartass cinematic color coordinated designed-for-my-convenience goodness I ingest- and in fact can only come sooner as a result of it.

I can't deal because I'm supposed to Just Do It, The Real

Thing, Can't Beat The Feeling, Nothing Moves Me Like A-, Taste The Adventure, or at least Come To Where The Flavor Is, and nobody ever gave me the instruction book or even asked me if I want to.

I can't deal because the drugs are like an upshake in my head and its like they don't understand, but i know they do baeuase of that thing. fuc.....k

I can't deal because of the Republicrats and Demicans.

I can't deal because there are things out there that aren't 100% Natural, and I've eaten some of those things, so does that mean I'm not 100% Natural?

I can't deal becauase they want me to pay them to wear a T-shirt with their advertising on it.

I can't deal because God is dead, but Murphy lives, and so does Elvis.

I can't deal because it seems like either my friends went and grew up without waiting for me, or like I grew up and they never did- and that's even scarier because I have no idea what "grown up" is or how to do it, but I'm supposed to be it in three years.

I can't deal because half the important decisions in my life had to be made with a number two (#2) pencil.

I can't deal because they'll let me buy a gun and decide who's going to run the country but they won't let me buy a bottle of beer.

I can't deal because no matter how much I say I'm not, I'm one of Them.

I can't deal because of Disneyland, the happiest place on earth, where they have a mountain made of plastic, complete with plastic snow, seven dwarves, a sleeping beauty, an elephant with ears bigger than its head, a talking mouse and his girlfriend with whom he's been celibate for over thirty years, a duck with a speech impediment, a baby deer which disproves Darwinism, half a dozen dancing hippos in tutus, and singing flowers to remind you it's a small small, small, small world.

I can't deal because there are no refunds or exchanges without a reciept, and I seem to have misplaced mine somewhere in the womb.

I can't deal because there's a man on TV who says that God needs me to send a check or money order to a certain P.O. box in Wichita Falls, but that He doesn't accept Visa or American Express. I thought everybody accepted American Express.

I can't deal because in order to protect my inalienable rights they need my social security number, date of birth, and a bill from a major utility.

I can't deal because I'm a Gemini- we're emotional, have two faces, tend to be withdrawn at times, have turbulent relationships, and prefer the colors purple, blue, and grey.

Is it any wonder that I can't deal sometimes? I ask you....

Matthew Flaming



## Karl Hendrix, Sonic Youth and Spent

**Karl Hendricks Trio-A Gesture of Kindness** (fiasco). This is a new album from the Hendricks Trio on Fiasco Records out of Los Angeles, and it continues to impress me.

The only other thing I've heard by this band was a single on Grass, which was really low-fidelity and sloppy, but good anyway. This is much more together and better produced.

The hard songs on this album are really rokken', but it's the mellower side that impresses me the most about the Trio, like "What You're Queen of Now," and "The Dress You Bought in Cleveland," which has a great piano part that breaks up the guitar-bass-drums sound of the rest of the record. Other soft songs like "King Beds, Morning Coffee" and "A Gesture of Kindness" set off the loud and angry stuff wonderfully.

Speaking of loud songs, my favorites were "Desperate Drunken Artist" and "Four Babes in a Pontiac," which sounded a lot like Tar in some parts, and a lot like Versus in others (one of the sections was horked directly from "Bright Light").

As with the single I reviewed a few weeks ago, the lyrics on *A Gesture of Kindness* are great—super honest and very emotional. Hendricks sings in the title track:

"I don't need honesty/I just need you," and in "Dress...": "If you think this is my revenge, the I guess you're probably right/ It's not my revenge on you, it's my revenge on life."

This is a great album if you like guitar-based pop/rock. Even if you don't, there are enough beautiful moments on the disc to justify buying it.

**Sonic Youth-Made in USA** (Rhino). No, this isn't really a new album—it's a re-released soundtrack from the obscure 1986 film of the same name. Most of the disc is made up of short, incidental tracks, which makes sense, since it's movie music.

There are only two real "songs" on the soundtrack, the first of which, "Tuck N Dar," is my favorite. The other is called "Smoke Blisters." The rest of the cd is comprised of short, one-minute doodles in classic-SY style.

Big fans of Sonic Youth will probably want to own this, but if you just like 'em, stick with *Daydream Nation*, *Evol*, or *Sister*.

**Going Against Maz's Advice** compilation cd (4-letter words). The subtitle of this compilation reads "an international compilation of rock & fucking roll!", but I wouldn't really use those words to describe this disc.

What it *actually* is, is an

international compilation of wussy pop. That most certainly is not, however, a bad thing. The best-known band on the cd is Boyracer ("famous" for their stuff with Slumberland and KillRockStars), and others include The Summer Hits, Starstreamer, Belmondo, Holiday Flyer, Orange Cake Mix, and Tricycle Popstar. My favorite band on the compilation was The Cat's Miaow, who contributed three amazing songs. Watch out for them in the future.

**Spent/Lambchop 7"- "Dress down day" b/w "Scared out of my Shoes"** (I-sore). Finally!! The first from I-sore's 1995 monthly 5-inch record club. The deal was, if you paid \$36 sometime before mid-January, you'd get a 5" split single every month, featuring bands like Archers Of Loaf, Spatula, Portastatic, Laura Ballance from Superchunk, Half-hour to go, nectarine, Pipe, Edsel, and a bunch of others that I can't remember as I write this.

Both songs are great. Spent does that indie-rock thang darned well, and Lambchop contributes a fun number with peppy drums and an organ.

Coming up at the end of this month is the third-annual Loud

*Continued on next page*

# Me, Isolationist? Maybe...

*Continued from page 8*

St. Louis or Baton Rouge now, do we?) Think about it. How many Native Americans did we slaughter on the land once known as Louisiana, just because they were "savages?" And remember "manifest destiny?" C'mon, root around in your brain and dredge up that American History class you took in high school. There you go. We did the same damn thing as the Chinese have done in Tibet - the only difference being that, whereas we went all capitalist and *bought* the land we chose to occupy, the Chinese did it the old-fashioned way and just *took* Tibet. Fucking Communists.

My point is this: why utilize your fervent idealism on a cause like freeing Tibet when there's so much bad shit happening in this country? I mean, if you look at it in a technical, literal sense, we've got plenty of human rights abuses going on in the good ol' U.S. of A. Racism (read "hate crimes"), homophobia (also read "hate crimes") and Native American reservations (read "oppression of a minority class by the state") are pretty good examples. Maybe I'm being isolationist (just call me "Woodrow") but I think that we should concentrate on solving our own problems before we send our ideological focus skipping halfway across the goddamn globe. And here's the Generation X'er coming out in me: what the hell can we do about it anyway? What's the point? Should we invade Tibet and push the

Chinese right the fuck out of there? That's what we'd have to do, because we already know that imposing trade sanctions and the like upon China just doesn't work. And besides, why should we? We don't have any national interests to protect in Tibet; if we did, we would have gone in there, guns blazing, days after the Chinese first occupied Tibet. Now, find some oil in Tibet and we'll talk . . .

The moral of this week's Limboland: fix your own shit before you even think of fixing anyone else's and Richard Gere be damned. He's not that good of an actor anyway.

Anyway, that's it for this

week. You should know the litany by now, but, hell, I'll repeat it for ya, just in case you've forgotten: if you want to respond to anything written in this or any other Limboland, please send your (specific) comments to jobF92@hamp on email, or snail mail to Josh Brassard at box 21, HC; or you can call me at extension 5225; or you can write something for *The Omen*. We like submissions - we're imperialistic that way. (I have no idea what that's supposed to mean, but, hell, sounds nifty to me)

So remember kiddies: keep your feet on the ground, but keep reaching for the stars.

Thppth. Josh Brassard

## Loud Music Cont.

*continued from previous page*

**Music Festival.** Some of the notable bands playing are: **Blonde Redhead, Green Magnet School, Helium, Mary Lou Lord, New Radiant Storm King, Shudder to Think, Suddenly Tammy, Sugar Plant, Dambuilders, Edsel, Envelope, Everclear, Veronica**

**Cartwrights, Zeke Fiddler, Come, Guvner, Karate, Roger Miller, Small 23, Small Factory, Spent, and Versus.** It will be held at the Baystate, The Iron Horse, and Pearl Street on March 30, 31, and April 1. Tickets are 30 bucks for 3 days. You can call 586-8686 or 1-800-the-Tick for information and tickets.

**Ben Piekut**

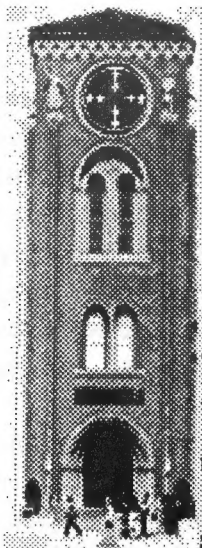
## Um... John Travolta?

The new John Travolta, half the grease, twice the fat, white as my grannie's butt. At least he's working again. I'd pay money to kick cabin-boy in the choves, but that skit was just redundant. It was good to see Steve Buschemi in the role of my favorite psychopath, but I'm afraid he'll end up doing dinner theater

in Detroit. Chris Farley - fat and stupid or fat and fat? You decide. Still Belushi could backflip, so why shouldn't Farley cartwheel? Because he'll knock the Earth out of its fucking orbit, that's why! Damn it, next time I'm just going to lock myself in a metal box with some scorpions. It's less

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# THE WATCHTOWER

## Steph's Swan Song

Swan Song for Stephanie, and time to call it quits. While it was well worth the effort to keep working for The Omen, the old magic is gone, and I hate submitting what I feel are inferior columns for the campus to read. In other words: for all things, there is a season, and my time here is done. While I may submit the occasional article to this publication, my editorial stint is up.

I've learned a lot, creating and writing in this rag. I hope it never folds. But for now, the well has run dry—and it's time to do some work to fill it up again.

Thanks to anyone who ever helped on this project, and always remember that someday, Morgan Sommers (for those of you unfortunate enough not to have obliterated him from your memory) will stand him-deep in molten lead, damned for all eternity.

Oi. That's it. Hope it was low-key enough.

**Stephanie Cole**

**Editor-Free Student**

P.S. And for God's sake, people, stop voting Democrat. *And* Republican. It's time for them to move on, too. And make way for *me*.

## Kotter Was Good. But Farley is Fat

*Continued from previous page*

painful than watching this show.

Just when you think it's safe, it's John Travolta, and it's another re-run. The news just sucked. And no fat man talking about running around naked in a baseball field isn't funny either. Especially since there's still nothing but the scab leagues. But I do give Chris Farley props for that

cartwheel he did at the end of the show. I've got to admit, the Mr. Kotter skit may have had some humor in it. I guess Lenny is helping his old pal Squiggy up the corpore ladder, too. Mr. Pink may have made a poor choice to cameo in this one, but he was great in Billy Madison. That Brando skit was totally disrespectful to the family, and as

much as I dislike that Chris guy, I really dislike anyone being kicked in the balls nine times! You may laugh, ladies, but any guy can tell you this is a serious issue. And yes, I have lost all respect for Seal after he flew away with Johnny in that blond wig.

**Mike Robinson,  
Drew Mansell**

### Jon's Journal

